

El Paso County College - MISC.

NOV 30 1973

# Shapes of Things



# Dedicated to Angela A. Rapkin

## Shapes

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A photograph of a dense forest. The scene is dominated by tall, slender trees, likely pines or similar conifers, standing in close proximity. The ground is covered with a thick layer of green, low-growing plants and ferns, creating a lush base for the forest. The lighting suggests a bright day, with sunlight filtering through the canopy.

**Call Me a Writer**

— Angela Rodd

Here in someday park

I smell the green of pine

As time just skips by.

Call me a writer,  
If you must.

Call me an ass,  
If you will.

And I will call you  
Life!

### **One Of A Kind**

In a crowd of many  
Is there one? if any  
Who knows my mind  
My personal possession  
One of a kind.

My personal possession  
Which I will explore  
Till I find its direction  
No one should mind.

If you feel offended  
Look at yourself  
And you will find  
That you too, are  
One of a kind.

EDGAR ALLEN III

### **To Search The Past: To Realize The Future**

I look over my shoulder  
And there I see  
The boy I once was  
And the man he meant to be.

I remember him well  
The boy I once was  
I remember the man  
That he dreamed he would be.

But now, all the dreams are forgotten  
By the boy, and yes, by me.  
For I'm just not the man  
That he dreamed he would be.

EDGAR ALLEN III

### **A Death In A Ditch**

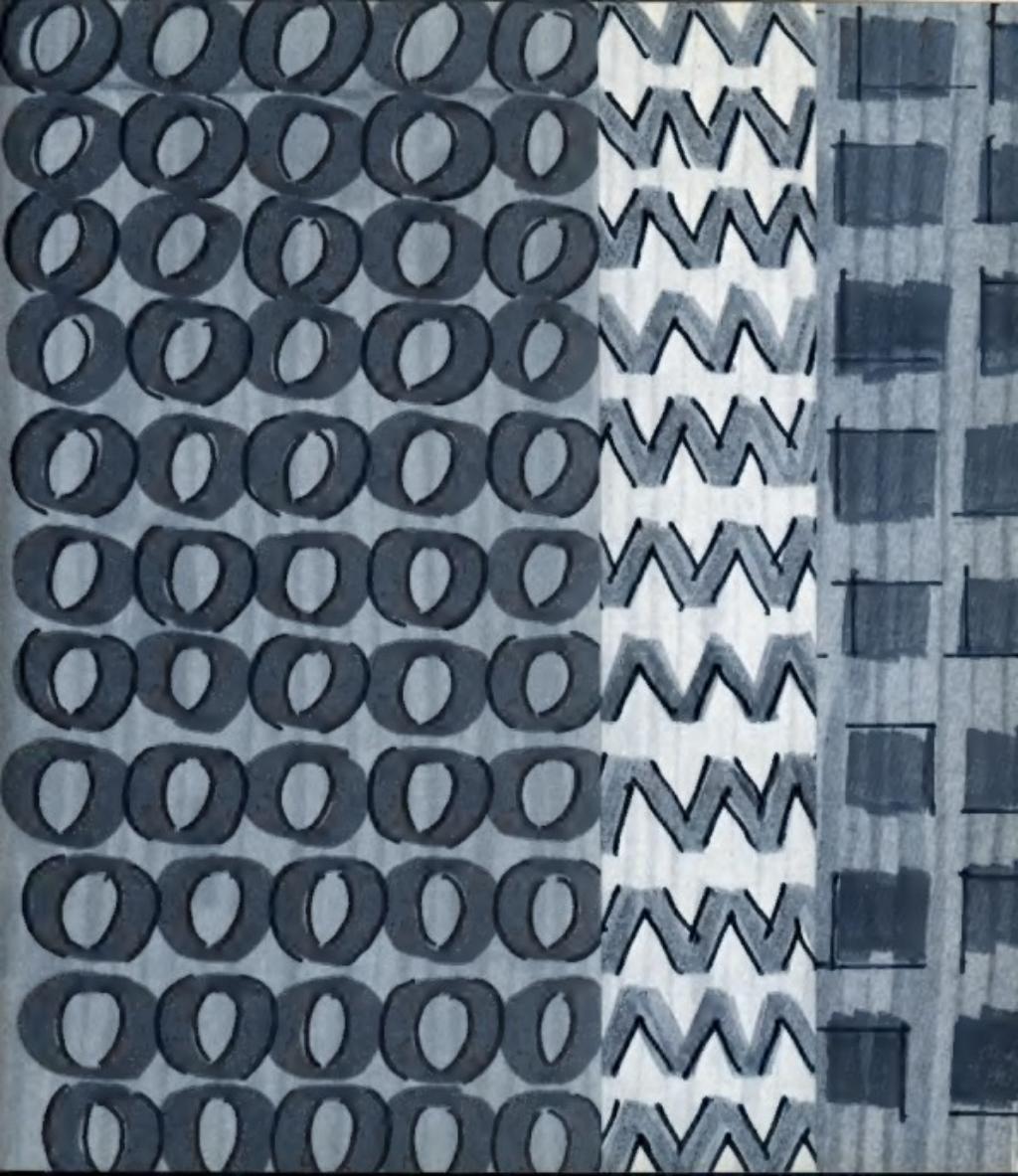
I wonder if I am to  
really  
die  
For something I don't  
really  
believe in

And if my last word  
On earth  
Will be,  
Why?

And then  
I die  
With the last word,  
Why  
Still on my lips.

And my finger tips  
pointed to a V.

Edgar Allen III



## **Eve**

Knowing for a few short  
Moments,  
That I have made someone or  
Something happy

I begin to laugh.  
I have nothing to give  
But my poems,  
And my small way of thinking.

I offer you these!

Hearing you laugh  
My head is mind.  
Life is yours for the making!

Life was mine, for the  
Moment.  
The Quest  
Is Ours!

Angela Rodd

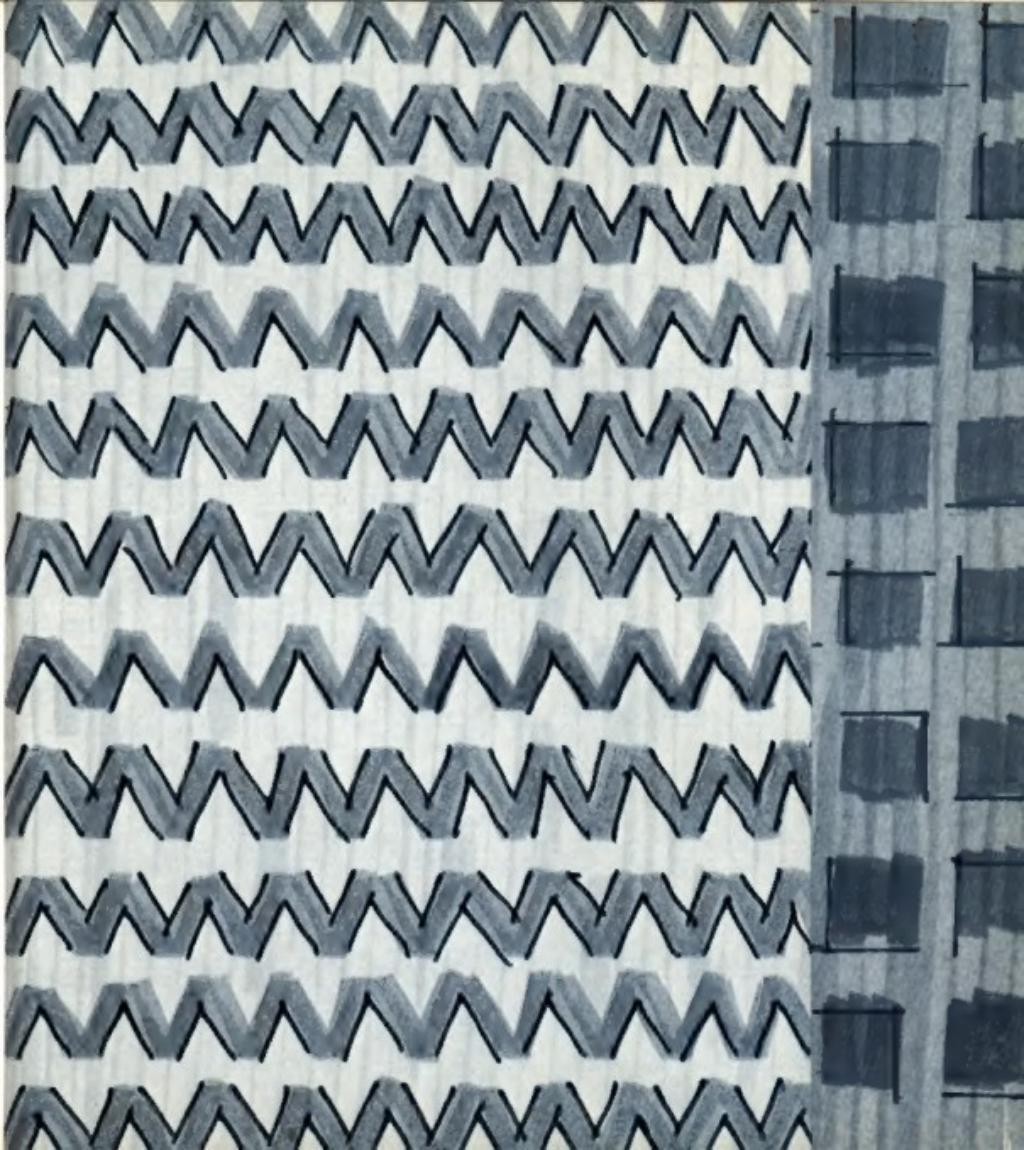
## **Simplicity**

Darkness is undefined simplicity.  
The various shades of light/darkness  
Are complicated simplicity,  
Or merely complication.  
Light is defined simplicity.

The complicated mind of the human being  
Can see no light, no darkness.  
It can only perceive, the many shades,  
Of light/darkness.

Life is complicated simplicity.  
Utopia is simplicity simplicified.

John Romeo



### **Pardon By Proxy**

Words flow slowly.  
So slowly,  
Barely discernible from infinity.  
Hesitation invades the mind, which in turn operates the body.

Existence is here indecisive.

The roar of the freeway car; the smell of love overdone;  
Leaky shower faucet drops, following each other to the motherland  
by way of  
Synthetic sewers; the flavor of passion lingering, living,  
regenerating;  
The smog awaiting a new dawn, the body, immersed in ambiguity,  
awaiting an old but unknown pardon.

That I may live again, I die today. Could I stay?  
Nay. A price impossible to pay.

A moment never forgotten.

At last.

A love with no bottom.

Tell of your truth.

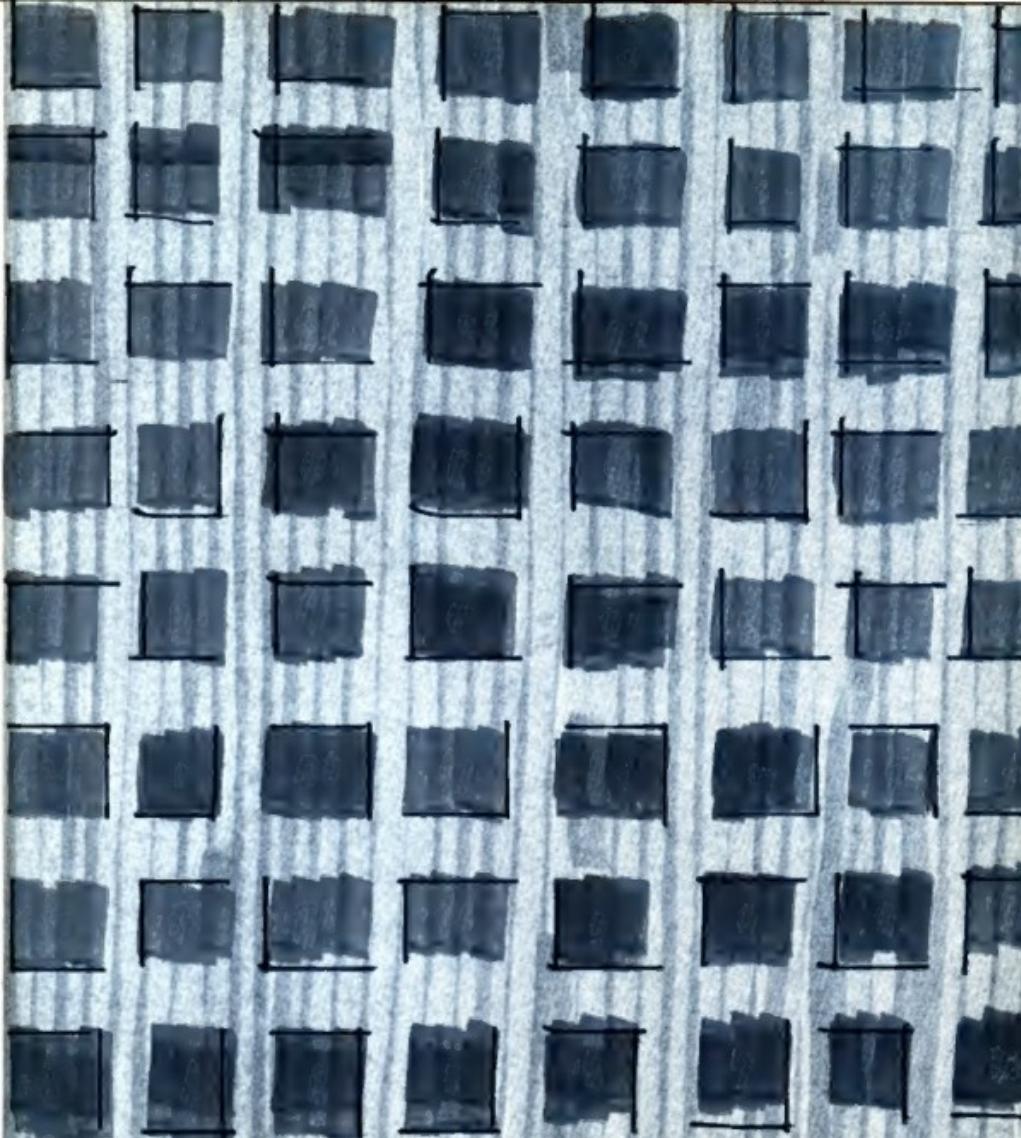
Peter Cocuzza

### **Something**

"Comfort me with apples,  
for I am sick of love."  
Comfort me with words,  
for I am torn by sensations.  
Reach out to me with arms,  
for eyes are but deception.  
The reality of two is  
half-born, half-wished, half-loved.

Angela A. Rapkin







## A rational look at Astrology

by Donald Shaw

recall very vividly the look on my twelfth grade physics teacher's face when I asked him whether Newton's law which states that for every action there's an equal and opposite reaction did not in some way help substantiate astrology. He looked very puzzled for a moment and with a slight frown on his face replied "Well I wouldn't want to say I went on to state that we had just discussed (a few days earlier) the moon's influence upon the tides and how it attracts the waters of the earth. I added that I had read an article in the evening newspaper stating that the FBI had found a substantial increase in crime around the full moon and that many local police departments around the country increase their staff on nights of the full moon. My teacher said the information was interesting and that it was true the timing of the tides was related to the individual quarters of the moon but that he would not really want to say anything one way or the other concerning the truth in astrology.

I found his attitude puzzling. I was also a little bothered by his response to my question mainly because he was the kind of teacher that normally would tell a member of the class to perform an experiment or to investigate a subject in order to find out if there was truth in a statement. However for some reason he did not want to pursue this subject. I wondered then as I do now why couldn't we analyze astrology further? His policy of assigning a "research project" to any student who showed special interest in a subject had been abandoned. Is astrology off limits as a study in our schools? If so, why?

As recall for the remainder of that day my mind remained stimulated by the fact that my teacher did not say astrology was a false or pseudo science. I believe I had expected him to say something to this effect but for him to imply that he did not know whether astrology was a true science or not was beyond my comprehension. I thought of the great admiration the class had for that teacher and what a great scientist we all thought he was. He had inspired us by showing his Masters degree which

he received after going back to college during the summer and on Saturdays. Yet with all that education he seemed uncertain about the validity of astrology. Surprised as I was at that time, I reasoned there could be a great deal of truth in the subject. This teacher's reluctance to discuss astrology even though it seemed to me to be relevant to physics and the laws of motion stimulated my interest in the subject even more. As I look back on that physics class it occurs to me that it may have planted the seed that caused me to investigate the subject of astrology. I never dreamed at the time that this would eventually lead me to, what I now expect to be a life-long study of the oldest science known to man, astrology.

I started this extensive investigation by referring to the dictionary. I found that most dictionaries defined astrology as a pseudo science and also the basis for astronomy. This I found hard to accept because of the logicality of a false science giving birth to astronomy an exact science. As I began to probe deeper for the truth about astrology I found an amazing wealth of knowledge and facts.

First let us look briefly at the history of astrology. I might start by pointing out that the civilization that developed near the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris had astrologers as its chief scientists. These same scientists are considered to be the fathers of geometry (witness the Great Pyramid of Cheops). The study of astrology can be traced back to all great civilizations. It was a dominant force on the Egyptians (3000 B.C.), Babylonians, Chaldeans and Mayans. Even the Greeks became heirs of much astrology at the edge of Persia, Egypt and Assyria. A textbook by Manilius, who lived in the time of Emperor Augustus Caesar, is evidence of Roman astrological practice. But we need not dwell in such ancient times. Astrology was practiced by five of the greatest scientists in modern history. Nicolaus Copernicus, Galileo Galilei, Tycho Brahe, Johannes Kepler and Sir Isaac Newton. Last, but not least, the late great psychiatrist Dr. Carl Jung admitted as late as 1947 that he used astrology in his practice.

Let us turn our attention from scientist to the public and see how it has responded to astrology. Within the last few decades astrology has attracted

so much attention from the public that its present popularity could be termed nothing short of phenomenal. It has been estimated by author Ellen McCaffery that there is hardly a person of adult age in this country who has not read an astrological magazine. The late Grant Lewis, who gave up his English literature post at Dartmouth College to practice astrology made some very pertinent statements as editor of **Horoscope**, which has the largest circulation of any astrology magazine in the world. "Astrology is believed in by a lot of people who know practically nothing about it and is disbelieved in by even more who know absolutely nothing about it." It seems clear to me that both of these groups need to become informed on this subject. During the past summer a new show was introduced on television called "What's My Sign?" It dealt with the subject of astrology. What does all this tell us about astrology? I imply this the public is spending literally millions of dollars each year for magazines, horoscopes, and information sold under the name astrology. This ever increasing un-informed public is not being served by the academic community's indifference towards astrology.

In the interest of public opinion and in the interest of truth isn't it time for our institutions of learning to remove the mystery from astrology and investigate this subject thoroughly and objectively. If it is a sham shouldn't it be exposed by the scientific method? I would think that the public is entitled to this. However if it's scientific and can be proven (as its many distinguished proponents claim) surely it can be put to better use than is now being done! Astrology certainly appears to be one of the most important fields for scientific research.

Let us look at some of astrology's scientific claims and see whether they could be proven or disproven by using the scientific method. A leading writer and spokesman for scientific astrology, Sydney Omarr, states this in his book **My World of Astrology**: "No longer must we fall into the trap of insisting that the planets cause events to occur, or cause people to respond the way they do. What we do claim is that there is a correspondence, a coincidence between the planetary patterns and mundane actions, reactions, events. It happens so often that it is a reliable indicator." Mr. Omarr also

states in this book: "There is much psychology involved in interpreting a horoscope. Without added psychological knowledge, the skilled astrologer loses much in his effort to help people." Leading astrologers also contend that many of scientific astrology's claims have been verified already, and this would seem to be a fact. Examples of this are the relationship between the Moon and the tides, the effects of the Full Moon on mentally deranged persons, the necessity of the Sun for continuation of life, and the effect of the planets on electromagnetically controlled forces in the earth. Most leading astrologers also point to the limited but significant research done by Dr. Jung as being very noteworthy in attempting to explain why astrology works. In a letter Dr. Jung sent in 1947 to B. V. Roman, one of India's outstanding astrologers, Jung states: "As a psychologist I am chiefly interested in the particular light the horoscope sheds on certain complications in the character. In cases of difficult psychological diagnosis I usually get a horoscope in order to have a further point of view from an entirely different angle. I must say that I have very often found that the astrological data elucidated certain points which otherwise would have been unable to understand." (Published in **My World of Astrology** by S. Omarr 1965) At another time Dr. Jung declared: "Astrology would be a large scale example of synchronism, if it had at its disposal thoroughly tested findings. But at least there are some facts adequately tested and fortified by a wealth of statistics which make the astrological problem seem worthy of philosophical investigation." I think we can correctly say that astrology does seem to lend itself to scientific investigation and that it appears to be worthy of more attention from our educators.

In order to remain unbiased and in attempting to arrive at the truth about this subject, I must point out that there are many abusers of astrology. I would like to quote here from **The New International Encyclopedia**: The natural tendency of the ignorant and credulous to seek for insight into the future has allowed a multitude of quacks to trade upon the name of astrology and to give the impression that it is beneath contempt. Astrology lays no claim to absolute prediction of future events, undertaking merely to point out the direction which affairs are likely to take, other things being equal.

Again, the **American Astrology Digest 1968** says:

Experience has shown that astrological skill is not a substitute for industry, hard work, and other qualities that are the true basis of success. Astrology's influence on wealth and prosperity, however, is real and it does seem to offer a better alternative than the old "luck" or "destiny" form. But the real secret is to realize that after all, if you have the proper qualities, the factors of success will take care of themselves.

But the question is, should it? It seems reasonable that one should just believe him and let me tell you, it might too much. Of course, we humans are very much what Sigmund Freud would call "status-quo" individuals, so it seems natural to be a little nervous about a prediction like this.

My research into this subject convinced me of my prophetic truth, and they are valid statements in fact. My surprise, however, is not been to myself, it is you, at rather to stimulate them to my students in investigating this subject extensively for themselves.



# The Greatest Show On Earth

by Peter Cocuzza

The circus tent enfolds the entire globe within its bounds all humanity is contained. The sun begins to set and show time draws near as the masses prepare for a lift me of entertainment. The show commences as millions of barkers simultaneously echo the r greeting off the acoustics of the heavens. Step right up folks the show's about to begin. We direct your attention to the center ring where we find that clown of clowns the Black man. As the flood lights whip to the center ring, the standing room only crowd cannot help but emit an almost hebephrenic fit of laughter at the mere sight of this funny, funny man.

One may inquire as to why this clown has met with so much success in his role of jackass of the esters this is easily explained. He wants acceptance into the society in which he lives, thereby reaping its benefits, this is truly hysterical. He wants his humanity acknowledged, this is clearly vaudevillian. The fool's asking for one more thing, a hamburger to go with the works.

This Sambo Sad Sack wants to stand next to the white man, rather than behind him. Decent jobs, housing, educational facilities and adequate police protection are among his storehouse of spoofs. This clown with a carbon hue wants to be aware of

his ancestry in a world which places so much emphasis on lineage and tradition. He wants to look in his mirror see black and be proud of what he sees.

The paramount desire of this black buffoon is to procure a hamburger to go with the works. He wants this hamburger to be composed of the highest quality meats. He wants it cooked in such a fashion as not to make it over rare so that its rawness might nauseate him, nor burnt to a crisp so that the tender juices are not surrendered in the cooking and lost to him forever. More than this, he wants it prepared with the works that is the onions, pickles, tomatoes and lettuce he has been forbidden for centuries. He wants the taste of these delicacies to linger in his mouth for all eternity. Most of all he wants his hamburger to go. He wants to eat this meat himself. He needs no one to taste it for him, he wants no one to alter its size, shape or form, and he needs no audience to observe his eating habits.

A true comedian yes for the amusement of his audience so let us laugh let us laugh hardy and long for this is one hell of a peculiar character in any case. Let us not sustain our laughter for fear of bursting. Let us laugh then let us laugh ourselves directly into the center ring of tomorrow's show.



stand as the hardest of men without a troubled mind of what tomorrow will bring, for tomorrow means nothing to me

By no way shall I share the element of greed by no way shall I look down on others By no way shall I hate for I stand as the hardest of men

I care not for the affairs of that land or that world I care not for that social world, I care not for that business world

stand as the hardest of men, I care not for the sick care not for the crying

Yes I stand as the hardest of men I stand as the coldest of men I care not for the home which I have lived in care not for the money I have spent, for it means nothing to me

Yes I care not for these things for I'm no longer a part of them

Tomorrow have no need of

Hate have no cause for

Fear has passed by me

Money can not buy me life

I care not for my home 'cause I have another I care not for that world because I have one I care not for that business world for my business has ended

Love has passed my body

Sorrow is not what I need

Warmth of others? No, don't have

For I have no warmth of my own

Yes to be the hardest of men you cannot be of that world you must stand as do And to be of that world you must stand as well have

Love

Sorrow

Sickness

Hate

Greed

Pain

Fear

And

Life

## I Stand

by Donyale (Stanley) Ryan

By no way shall you enter into this heart I have no feeling for such organic things as love hate no warmth for other's pain or fear

I stand as the hardest of men I fear not the fearful have no warmth for the warm pain is something that do not endure





## The Nightmare of the Dawn of the Day After Tomorrow!

by Jerry Chestnut

awoke to the ever increasing noise outside my home, but I knew I was safe. I was safe as long as I stayed beneath the blankets. The blankets protected me; nothing could harm me while I remained beneath them. The entire world could be destroyed but I would survive, yes, survive. Nothing could hurt me because I was beneath the blankets.

Abruptly, the noise stopped. Nothing. No sound. What had happened? I must find out! The world was still outside my door... came from beneath the blankets. Still no sound. I crept over to the door. Still no sound... opened the door... it was there! The world was still there. I ran out into the sunlight. I yelled. I cried. I laughed. I screamed because it was here! The world was here!

Silence dominated. OFF IN THE distance I COULD hear echoes... strange, familiar echoes. THEY grew into noise... the noise evolved into a voice. THE VOICE SPOKE IN A TONGUE I COULD not understand. "I can't understand," I yelled.

"Can you understand now?" the voice boomed.  
Yes, I answered.

"What are you?" demanded the voice.  
I am a man.

"What are you called?"

"My name is Adam. Adam Everyman."

"Where are you?"

I am here.

"Where when?"

Here now!

You survived, none were to survive. So, you must end.

No, I shouted.

Yes! the voice thundered. Yes! Yes! Yes!

I ran through the streets. That's when I began noticing the bodies. They were stacked miles high. They were knee deep in the streets. They hung from windows. They floated in the air. Bodies... they were everywhere. Then I noticed some of the bodies were not! They were alive, they ran, they screamed.

they fought each other. The city was alive with bodies — a sorts of bodies white, green, red black. Some had heads some had eight legs some had no eyes. But they all ran and fought. Fought for what? They couldn't be saved they must end when the world ended.

The sky grew dark the earth began to tremble fire and smoke erupted from the ground. Many of the bodies fell to their knees and prayed. They prayed that they would be saved. But it was to no avail. I knew nothing could save them. But I would be saved! I, Adam Everyman would live on because I had the blankets. All I needed to do was reach my house and get beneath the blankets to survive.

Looked up at the sky there were men up there. They were big, no giant, no massive, no titan! They were hurling bolts of lightning at the running screaming bodies below. Body after body vanished as the glowing bolts struck them. Many evaded just in time to save myself. The bolts caused great cracks in the earth. Thousands of bodies fell into cracks leaped over them.

Then I saw it — my home. I raced to it, flung open the door and flew to my bedroom. There saw them my blankets. I hurried myself beneath them and then there was quiet.

For centuries there was quiet. Then awoke. Had been dreaming was it all a nightmare? I lifted my head from beneath the blankets. This wasn't my room, it was a cell, a cell covered with foam rubber, a padded cell! But what was I doing here? I raced to the window two madmen in white uniforms stood outside. "Let me out!" yelled. They looked at me and began to curse and jeer. "Stop it!" I yelled. But they kept it up for years day and night night and day I almost lost my mind. That's when I realized that they were trying to make me go mad! I knew of one way to outwit them, and that was to get under my blankets. I got under my blankets and the curses and the jeers ended!

I let one eye come from beneath the blankets the cell door was opened! I jumped from beneath my blankets and ran outside. The day was nice and sunny. I began running and jumping and leaping

Then I noticed that the people around me were running but they looked scared. They were running for their lives. "Why are you all running?" asked. But no one would stop. "Why?" screamed. "Why?" I grabbed a man whose head was that of a dog. "Why are you running?" I screamed. "We are being attacked," he said pointing to the horizon. My eyes followed his finger and I saw mushroom clouds rising from the East. The man broke out of my grasp and went off running and screaming. Running to what? Screaming to whom? Nothing could save him nothing could save mankind. Only would be saved for only I had the blankets.

Heard the sound looked up. A missile was hurtling toward me I must reach my blankets. It struck. I could hear Red and taste yellow but I must reach my blankets. My head elongated, my eyes dissolved into spiraling wisps of gas but I had to reach my blankets. My tongue turned to water, my teeth turned to radioactive ash but my blankets. My fingers rotted my hair turned to dust blankets my only chance. My heart melted into a pool of gilded blood my lungs caught fire, my blankets, if I could reach them I began seeing out of my ears, hearing through my nose and smelling with the soles of my feet. Where were my blankets where? This was it. This was Raganorx! This was Judgment day! This was Gotterdammerung! This was the twilight of mankind the sunset of Earth! My legs began to crumble into dirt, dissolve into mud, when I saw it MY home! My blankets Painfully crawled toward my home. Each inch was an agony in itself. Slowly I dragged the remnants of my body towards my blankets. Eons passed and still struggled onward. Then I reached the blankets, pulled them over me and I was whole again!

I awoke in a sweat. I was only having a nightmare. I threw the blankets off of me and went to the door of my room. I opened the door. There was a long dark tunnel in front of me. I turned back into the room, but it was gone. Behind me the tunnel stretched on for endless miles. I began walking, and walking and walking. There was a dim light in front of me. It began to grow bigger and bigger. I struggled with myself to recall where I had seen that light. But I could not recall. It grew bigger and bigger! Then I knew. I was a train's light and it was

bearing down on me

I turned and ran. Ran for my life if only I had my blankets. Where were they, please somebody tell me where were they. I turned the train was so close could see its face. It was grinning — showing rows of filed teeth dripping with blood, dripping with the nectar of life. Then it was upon me. I felt it begin to ground my body to a gorey pulp. The awful teeth ground into me and drank my blood, lapping up my life. screamed!

I opened my eyes. Was under my blankets. A nightmare, that was all. It was a nightmare within a nightmare. I raised my head from under the blankets. wasn't in my room. I was in the open air falling. was falling from miles high. I was hurtling through the sky like some after day Apollo. But unlike Apollo I had no control over my fall. I was going to my death. As I fell through the sky looked around. Children were falling also. millions of children. billions of children. As I fell past them they tried to grab me. I couldn't let them touch me. I shrunk from their touch. But still I fell toward the surface far below. My blankets. Where were they. Blankets. What did I need with blankets. This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare. Slowly I raised my hand to pinch myself. I had to awake. This couldn't be happening. Slowly my fingers closed on the flesh of my arm, slowly I exerted pressure. I was beginning to feel to hurt, and then died. I struck the ground with the force of a comet. My very substance merged with the earth. A great crater formed where I struck. Water filled the crater soaking my body substance. I was dead, dead, could no longer see, no longer feel, no longer hear, no longer taste, no longer smell, no longer

awoke. I was beneath my blankets, it was all a nightmare! Or was it? My hair was wet, and my hands felt slimy like blood was on them. I started to yank the blankets off of me to prove it was a nightmare. But I couldn't. I was afraid. How could be sure I'm not a part of someone else's nightmare? how, how, how?

Still I lay beneath my blankets for these many years. Still dare not yank them off for fear of what I may discover. Am I mad? Am I sane? Is there a world on the other side of my blankets? One day I

wil yank my blankets off and I will find out it's The Day after Tomorrow. The Dawn of the Day after Tomorrow. The Nightmare of the Dawn of the Day after Tomorrow!

## Greet The Coming

by Bill Acken

### Greet the coming of the dawn

#### Morning light!

What a tantalizing future that the light of morn foretells

Of the fascinating gift of love insides my breast that wells

Growing brighter, brighter, brighter as the early mist's gone

Changing form, growing larger, to a kind of happy dawn

#### Of delight

How I greet the coming day with a grimace of dismay

Knowing that I can't forestall dreams' ever growing call

With a loud exclamation for the beating not to start

Wild and frantic palpitation ever rising in my heart

Leaping higher, higher, higher

Never knowing how to tire

Is the scintillating fire

Of heart's desperate desire

#### For the sky

On the future! How it tells

Of the rapture that impels

That the clamor and the roar

In my bosom shall outpour

Filled



## "I am I"

Handless playbills, mouthless gum wrappers  
Toothless candy boxes and eyeless opera g asses  
Remain only of the audience that was  
The theater stands quiet before me.  
Inviting my questioning entrance  
Aha I, charged with what was  
Frightened by what is to come  
Echoes of left over voices  
Straights poised in potential

"Something happened here!" I yelled  
"I am I," he sang, once  
Simultaneous sounds of psychic searching  
The air became still  
Though not in rest  
In defeat  
And Collapse

"I am I" bounced forth  
The deafest The fool  
He'd been heard. He'd been known  
But they left him here  
They did not bring him home in the car,  
Out to the bridge

Back to the hotel  
They left him to linger in fantasy

"I am I" he begged  
Hidden in jest  
Disgusted by metaphor  
Wasn't it good?  
So inspiring."  
They heard and they knew  
And they left  
him  
behind  
smothered in love  
paying to echoes  
of slapping hands

Angele A. Rapkin





## I Didn't Notice

Donyale (stanley) Ryan

Two little fellows  
Playing by the brook  
One little boy  
Dropped his school books

The other little fellow  
Looking down with a thoughtful look  
Ran down to help this boy  
Gather up his books

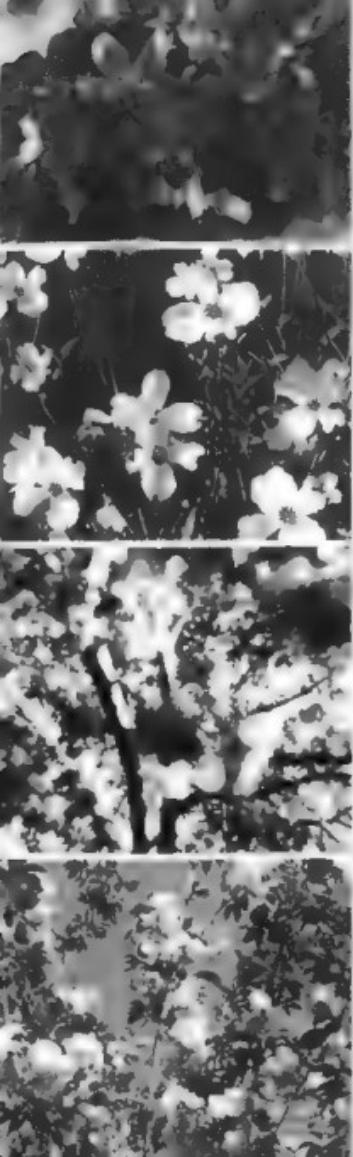
Each a little fellow  
But of a different creed  
Both finding a friendship  
In those seconds of need

As the darkness grew near  
They gathered up their books  
Each felt his own fear  
For home they left that brook

The little fellow  
Who had dropped his books  
To d his mother  
Of the friendship by the brook

What cried his mother  
You dropped your books  
And you say a little fellow  
With a thought, "look"  
Ran down to help gather those books?

What color was he  
Who helped you by the brook?  
I'm sorry mommy," he replied  
Forgot to look



1. Blossomed  
in white  
the sad flower tree  
for color loss.  
Oh! Sad the lonely

2. Butterflies  
in earth  
he hid from noise  
until the great  
quake shook his pride loose.

3. A flake  
frozen fast to the  
beak of a bird.  
Oh! To see it melting

4. Gray  
and nebulous  
men walk.  
Proud  
and dignified  
he orbits the earth.

5. Green  
and innocent  
man starts.  
Golden  
unconscious  
he makes his world his own.

Angela A. Rapile



## Your Ol' Man is Dead

by Mike Shuhala

Robbie Munk awoke and looked around him. Before his eyes was the dingy three room apartment he rented for ninety dollars a month. His bedroom was small and dirty. A mirror less dresser dominated the dark, dank room. There was no closet that had been converted into the apartment's to let. Newspaper carpeted the unvarnished floor which was littered with a copy of a black militant newspaper. The unpainted walls added to the melancholy atmosphere as his Sunday suit and hat hung there lifeless.

He stopped from the frayed bed clothes, out of the bedroom and into the wall papered living room. The warped linoleum cracked under his weight as he made his way to the four by seven kitchen. The flowered paper was soiled, faded and torn. The yellowed room was furnished with a dusty sofa and chair. Between the two front windows hung a "No Parking" sign. In the corner between the sofa and wall lay his weapon, a war surplus Italian carbine. Next to his rifle lay the rifle of Billy, his cousin, who introduced Robbie into the militant movement.

He stopped and stepped up to the front window. Carefully, he studied the street below strewn with glass, clothes, broken radios, televisions, it showed the results of a long, hectic night of looting, fire-bombing and sniping.

The tiled floor was cold to his feet. The sun was up but the kitchen stayed dark—the walls black with grease because of the absence of a window or vent pipe. The sink was cracked. Torn up floor and unplastered walls didn't bother Robbie because he was happy, happy to be alive. He reached into the ice box and grabbed his prize. He took a can from the case, opened it. The beer was cold and good.

Back at the living room windows, he looked at the litter covered street. Glancing again and again at hisaching hand, he thought, of the cops that were patrolling the avenue. "Them screws are gonna gitton ght. I'm shootin' them no good so and so right

between their damn eyes. Where'd that one get off? Cal in' me a no good black barbarian... an't the one that banged me in the hand with his damn rifle? Me an' my brothers... We I make 'em pay, with their lives."

He tossed his empty beer can into a corner and got dressed. From the scratched dresser he took his "uniform". Dressed in a wrinkled black shirt and pants, he viewed the effects of the black man's revenge on the honky white.

He slammed the apartment's door behind him and bounced happily down the old wooden steps to the street. He carelessly kicked some broken glass out of his path, then suddenly stopped. He laughed. To him, the rubble covered avenue was a joke. People were running here and there like they were with out care, fishing through the debris for something valuable. The scene was one of utter confusion.

The National Guards sleep made. Look like a history book scene from World War II. The screaming sirens of police meant nothing to the Black man on the street. Up and down the avenue the cry "Flat Police" was ignored by all young and old.

A cheerful carnival spirit prevailed. Responsible adults just stood by and laughed. A sense of pride filled Robbie because to him and his black brothers, they were on top. To them the white man meant nothing right now. He was there to keep order, but he was outnumbered. For the first time in three hundred years the Black man was on top. They burned baby! Burned! They looted, baby looted! The "Sou Brother" was king of Springfield Avenue.

Down Springfield Avenue Robbie walked past a looted liquor store, past a fire-bombed furniture store, and past three soldiers guarding a partially looted clothing store. Everyone said hello to everyone and anyone on the street, for all were "brothers" in spirit and cause.

Further down the street he walked passing the looted stores, the weary police, and the happy people.



On Waverly Avenue and Springfield Robbie joined a crowd of heckling Blacks cheering a group of guardsmen.

"Look at 'em baby. Look at 'em they's all white." Hey mister sergeant can play sold er?

The crowd became larger and larger. The sergeant of the guard asked the crowd to disperse but was only met with more laughter and cheering.

They's on y toy sold ers'

"Hey baby, who se ya gonna beat tonight?"

A bottle was thrown. Another bottle and a rock was tossed at the guard. The troop marched up to the curb and started to disperse the mad crowd. Another rock was thrown and Robbie found himself in a wild melee.

Robbie fled down the avenue like a scared rabbit. Then from nowhere appeared a state policeman with a rifle. He ordered Robbie to stop. Robbie scared kept on running. The policeman rammed the rifle butt into his gut. Robbie kept on running into an alley he ran leaving the state trooper running down another disorderly person.

Safe for the moment, safe among the garbage rats and rot. Robbie stood there half dazed as he watched the street turn to an uneasy calm. Coughing heavily he stood there bewilderred not believing what had happened. His sore stomach was raw his coughing and panting was real. It was all real.

"Dad, I'm gettin' 'em for ya all of 'em" he said crying as he pounded his fist against the alley's dirty wall. "Me and Billy and... everybody is gonna get 'em for ya Pa."

Robbie was born down South. His father died while he was young. His father was killed by a stray police bullet. Robbie, only seven, did not understand the accident. He really hated police officers afterwards. About ten years after his mother died trying to support her two boys, Robbie had always loved his mother while his brother hated her. Robbie wouldn't accept the fact that she was gone forever. John, his brother, after showed his hatred of her by passing a low remark. Robbie at that moment went mad as everything snapped in his mind. He turned and started beating his own brother. The owner of the store that they were in called the police.

Police. When they arrived Robbie was still beating on him. A policeman clubbed him on the back of the neck. Robbie laid motionless on the floor bleeding. Robbie laid there dazed and crying for his mother and father. He vowed to get revenge for his father, mother and the scar on the back of his neck.

Gotta find Billy gotta find him. Where in hell's name would he be? Where, where's he? Robbie said with his mind blank as he ran from the alley. "Billy. Gotta find 'im. I'll go to his house. Yeah, I'll go to his house. We fight 'em for ya Pa. Just for you."

Robbie walked at a fast pace and stared at the faces of everyone on the street. He stared at little children, men, women, police and guardsmen expecting to find his cousin. Through one of hundreds of dirty back alleys he went. He knocked over a can and fell, he got up and kept on running. He had to find Billy. His whole world depended on it, but now he was lost in a maze of dirty back alleys and streets.

He spotted a patrol car coming up the narrow street 'Cops!' he yelled and ran in the opposite direction. The officers saw him and ordered him to stop. He stood there shaking and frightened.

Where ya goin' buddy? asked one of the tired men.

I'm goin' to my cousin's house. Robbie said trembling.

Where's that?

It's on South Orange.

Where ya comin' from?

My house.

Now where's that?

I'm over there on Springfield.

The officer took a long look into Robbie's brown eyes. He looked deeper and saw that Robbie was trying to hide something but he couldn't see what. Why are ya runnin'?

Gotta find Billy answered Robbie from his strange fantasy world.

That's no answer boy masking you again why or what are ya runnin' from?

No thing, sir... er, er eh I mean nuthin' sir, Robbie said trembling with fear.

His shaking became so violent that it was apparent to everyone milling around. His body became

cold and clammy, sweat poured from all parts of his body and now tears filled his eyes.

The man with the badge studied the nervous and sweating body and once again he tried to think of what Robbie might be thinking.

'Put your hands on the car mister,' the officer commanded. The small crowd moved in closer and started murmuring. Another officer stepping from the car ordered, pointing his shotgun at the murmuring crowd, 'Step back people. Anyone who lays a hand on the officer's gonna get it.'

The questioning officer started to frisk the shaking and now frail body of Robbie. 'Do ya have any identification on you?' he asked.

'My name's Robbie Munk.'

'Do you have any proof of that?'

'In my wallet.'

'Don't play games with me. If it was up to me I'd shoot ya.' Where did ya say ya lived?'

'Over on Springfield.'

'Can ya prove it?'

'My proofs in my wallet I said.'

'Listen you don't answer me like that. I know what ya said and I said don't play games. You don't have a wallet on ya,' the officer shouted. The police

man's face grew redder and redder with anger. 'Let's go. Get in the damn car we're gonna see what your runnin' from.'

By this time the crowd had moved in closer. The murmuring had turned into an uproar. The mob was tense, anger could be seen burning in their eyes, one wrong move and the questioning officer would be at the mercy of a mindless mob.

Robbie slowly took his hands from the roof of the car. 'Gimme your hand.' The handcuffs clicked and an air of uneasy silence fell over the tense mob.

'Attention! Attention! All state police and city police units in the area of Springfield, Jones and Belmont proceed there with extreme caution, sir. It is reported from top of liquor store. Will repeat, all units of state and city police proceed to Springfield, Jones and Belmont with extreme caution. Confirm. Over.' crackled the patrol car's radio.

'A right buddy you're lucky to have to go now but if I catch you here again your ass is dead. Now get the hell out of my sight.' Robbie turned and tore his way through the wall of people. Again he ran like a rabbit down the narrow unkempt side streets.



When he finally found Billy, he was incoherent. Billy soothed him and quieted him, and Robbie was then able to speak. "That's better. Tell me what happened now." Billy asked. Robbie started with last night and how he heard the commotion on the street and went down. He told Billy how all the people were running all over breaking windows, burning stores, and looting the rest. He went on and told his cousin about his friend Ruby and how together they looted a liquor store. Billy listened as Robbie told him that Ruby took some quarts and he grabbed two cases of beer. Billy asked what the cops were doing and Robbie told him that one cop smashed Ruby's quarts and then arrested him. Robbie recalled he ran to hide in an alleyway near his house. He said that he ran from the alley with a case under each arm. He finally reached his doorway and as he put one case in the hall, a trooper smashed his rifle butt into his hand. He told Billy that he was lucky he didn't get shot by the same trooper.

He went on to tell him what happened on the way to his house. He recounted the fight with the guardsmen, the trooper jamming the gun butt into his gut, and how he was stopped by the police on that dirty side street.

You've been through a lot. Here take a drink," he said handing Robbie a bottle.

Robbie drank it fast. He put the bottle down and started coughing hard. Almost choking he said.  
We're gonna git 'em Bill, we're gonna git 'em all tonite. We shoot 'em all. The three of us... yeah the three of us.

Billy changed and the two left. Once again Robbie was on the front lines of Newark, a city which he hated. This time it was different though because Billy was there.

It was late afternoon now as the gathered pair walked through the slum area. Heavy clouds fell over the city, they seemed to paint everything gray. The air was filled with the stench of gunfire, smoke from burning buildings and rubble fires started by the residents of the frenzied ghetto. The police and guardsmen slowly walked up and down the rubble strewn street cursing, eyeing the old tenements looted and fire gutted stores. There were only a few people on the street now, hustling along about their business.

The two men quickly and silently hurried along



towards Robbie's apartment over the same streets by which he had come. They walked past the same stores kicking the glass, avoiding the torn-down grates, the crushed boxes.

Suddenly a store up the street burst into flames. Sirens came screaming from all directions. The police, near the store, began firing wildly at the fire-bomber as he ran from the scene. Fire engines, more police cars and jeeps were arriving from all directions now. People began to pour into the street to complicate the police's actions.

'We got 'em,' yelled a police officer.

Who they got? cried some of the people.

Look over there, others called.

Two policemen emerged from around a corner with their fire-bomber handcuffed. He was hustled into one of the patrol cars.

Sparks flew everywhere as the flames grew more intense. The firemen and police were yelling and pushing people out of their way. Soon the spectators retreated to their windows and doors to watch the blaze.

'Let's keep movin' Rob, Billy said.

Robbie stood there bewildered and dazed by the flames. It seemed that they fascinated him.

"Let's keep movin' Robbie. Com' on boy what's the matter w/ ya anyway?"

"Yeah yeah yeah anything ya say Bill." Robbie answered as he was gazing back at the orange flames.

Finally they reached Robbie's shabby two-story tenement. They went up the stairs and entered the apartment's living room.

Take a seat Billy while I gitcha a can o' beer." Thanks Rob."

The cousins sat in the yellowed living room and talked. They talked of old times. Robbie spoke of the good times he had had down South and of the first days he was up North. They talked about when they were in school. They talked of the girls they used to take out and the guys they hung with at one time. The pair talked for hours until it was dark and late.

Yeah Billy I use' ta like them days," Robbie paused. "Well let's go, baby."

Billy gently got off the couch and picked up his gun. He checked it over and put a full clip into the magazine. Robbie had his gun already loaded and ready.

"We gonna git 'em now, hey Bill."

"You'd better believe it, baby." Billy agreed.

Robbie knelt in the corner by the right front window and spread about five clips on a rag on the floor in front of him. Billy, at the left window, neatly arranged his clips on the warped windowsill.

Robbie turned out the lights and returned to his post. He kept peeping anxiously at the brightly lit avenue.

'See that so dier ov'r on the corner next to Harry's?

"Yeah," answered Billy.

That so dier is gonna git t. How bout you takin' the one by the street lamp Bill?"

"OK baby. On the count of three. Ready? One two... three!"

They both fired at the targets on the street below. Billy's bullet hit the lamp post and ricocheted off. Robbie's embedded itself in the street at the guardsman's feet. The two shots sent the police and guardsmen scurrying for cover in all directions.

Sniper!

At once a volley of shots went up in all directions.

"Baby they s don't know where s we at." Robbie laughed.

Robbie joyfully fired two more shots wildly at the cops. 'Them fuzz ain't worth a damn d me la me. We're gettin' 'em Bill.'

Yeah baby, yer do n' O K.

Billy fired again and smashed the cherry on a police car.

"Where in hell s name s that d rty fink."

"Over there... in the brown brck."

Another volley of shots went up this time at a building.

They s dumb. Them stupid honky cops don't know where the hell we's at." Robbie said crying with joy.

Keep it cool will ya Rob. Ya don't want 'em ta find us? Do ya?"

"No baby no. They's ain't never gonna git us Right Pa?"

Robbie looked at the street like a king surveying his subjects. Look at em... they's all on their

knees bowin' ta me Robert Munk he laughed Robbie raised his rifle and fired the last two shells in his first clip One of the slugs hit a street lamp and sent glass showering onto the law officers

'Fire at anything that moves,' someone ordered Shots went up in all directions and at all windows 'Luck's with us,' Robbie said proudly 'Because they ain't hit us and they ain't gonna'

Billy looked and waited till the firing was over He picked a target and fired There he is!

All he broke loose on the two snipers The police's slugs ripped their way through the walls and floor the window sash was smashed into splinters as glass and other debris flew all over the room

The firing stopped About five minutes later Robbie and Billy stoned as a voice on a bull horn commanded, "Drop your guns from the window We have the place surrounded You have five minutes to come out or we'll smoke you out"

Robbie reloaded and answered the police's order Two wildly placed shots screamed across the cobblestone street Again hell broke loose Hundreds and hundreds of small arms fire went up towards the apartment

Pieces of plaster, wood, insulation and glass lay all over the pair and the apartment The last volley of shots ripped the shades from the windows, the 'No Parking' sign was torn off the wall

'Robbie listen to me Let's make a break out the back We can't win here.'

'What the hell do ya mean Bill? We gonna run? We gotta stay and fight fight them damn honks.'

'We can't win com on Let's go git the hell outta here, baby.'

'I ain't goin' if you don't stay, me an' Pa'll git em.'

'Listen you stupid baby you're ol' man is dead

'Dead?' he paused 'Whatcha mean dead? He's right here Hey pa, te Bill boy you're here to help,' he paused to listen

'Hear em Bill?

'You an' yer dead ol' man I know yer outta yer head Com' on let's git out before we get ourse ves killed.'

'We're gonna fight this out Don't go near that

damn door.' Robbie said as he fired at his back

Billy groaned and fell dead to the floor

'Now pick yer gun up and give 'em hell.'

Robbie turned and fired the last of his clip at the street

The police returned the fire Again the shells went rippling the second floor apart

'No, no, no, no! You can't fire back Hear me?' Robbie screamed

'Billy com' on Billy Bill Billy' he screamed again

'Bill stop this foolin' round I know my ol' man's dead Billy blood Bill yer dead They killed my cousin Them cops killed my cousin I'm killin' 'em all,' he said as he picked up the empty rifle

Again Robbie fired at the street but this time with an unloaded gun

'I ain't got no more ammo,' he cried as he threw his rifle into the street

Robbie then dashed for the door He yanked it open and headed down the stairs When he was about half-way down, a helmeted state policeman entered the hallway

'Hold it Police,' ordered the officer

'No, no, no,' yelled Robbie as he turned to run the other way towards the back of the building

The officer fired and Robbie was hit in the shoulder He tumbled to the floor

'Blood No, no, no,' he cried in agony,

'Alright hold it on the floor there' the trooper ordered

'No ya ain't gonna git me never' Robbie said as he threw a milk bottle at the officer Robbie got up out of his pool of blood, stumbled and fell against the wall

'Stop!' commanded the officer as Robbie was going on

He fired again and missed He shot again at his stubborn target The bullet smashed into Robbie's back sending a stream of blood over the hallway

Robbie slid slowly down off the bloodied wall paper He looked at the officer and then stared blankly at the ceiling Dying he cried 'I I I tried pa I really did me Billy an' an ev



## Tisha

As I close my eyes , I  
can see so much  
Beauty in total darkness  
Hearing one sound that  
makes me want to  
cry I stop then start  
All over again ' As  
close my eyes  
die

Angela Rodd



Oh, But A Lonesome Place  
Oh, Wow the View From My Window  
Bringing In The Crab Eterna  
How Restfu ly They Sleep On The Shore  
Deep And Down Into The Sand  
And Feel A Lonesome Place

Down Dark, D alated Bring in The Moon  
With Its Eye And Hand  
A Surrealistic Time Piece  
Oh, But The Moon Has No Time For Time!

Concrete were The Coours  
That Surrounded Eye, And My G r Child Linda  
Like Turt es Of The Shell      Empty  
For We Were Like Turtles  
Rocks That Live In This Grey World

We Moaned And Cried  
n Hope, In Faith, In Call ng  
For Isn't Fa th A Wonder And Surprise  
Beaming Through Out A l Souls  
Our Cal ing Got Louder  
Our Weeping Revo ved Into Laughter  
But Moaning And Weep ng Inside  
Like A Clam Help m A Rock  
n Hope, n Faith, In Call ng  
That Th s Morn ng Wi I Bring A Sun Rise

We Needed Colour, Co our So Rich  
That The Sun Would Give Us A Spark of God  
That Burn ng Lite That Glows  
Eterna ly, Living, And Spir tua, Forever

Anthony A. Bono

Headlights continue to pass unknowingly  
and a stale dew hangs ruptured fog  
between bodies and thoughts  
an electric current covets through our nerves  
separating the crowd  
to embitter them empty anxiety  
and nothing is found  
but so much of the lost

While my friend plants another bade  
the man in the moon comes home  
to place a wreath at the grave  
of a fellow soldier  
and another does to show all he is not a boy

As the sacred city freezes over  
old men squabble about the table  
and disregarded youth lay beneath

A compacent cat hisses  
at the distant hungry child  
and we eat more grapes  
so Chicago shall emerge and be enriched

The man in the purple yellow robe  
asks for another dame  
while naive guards close doors to those unknown  
and many think they buy death  
as they live in rot  
still they put on a most colorful show  
and tempt my fears of dust and now

Driving to work their thoughts now coil deep  
to escape that to which they gave birth  
and the wrong is right uptown  
but here a woman must sell her dress  
to steal a smaller coat,  
and the aged suffering man  
caresses the gutter floor  
as creative ones surrender their minds  
to the hopeless tattered  
who spends his days  
watching a poisonous tube

Dennis Morris



1



2



3



4



5



6



5

9



7



- 1 Stephen Field
- 2 Henry Felt
- 3 Daniel W. Eaton
- 4 Henry Felt
- 5 Chery Lane

- 6 Marvin Harris
- 7 Andrew Longo
- 8 James Monroe
- 9 Henry Felt

## Error

Angele A. Rapp 1

There is an error somewhere  
Maybe God made it  
Something's wrong  
Not right  
It's Man  
He's wrong,  
Endless yesterdays  
A middle way  
For the greater good?

There is an error somewhere  
Maybe man made it  
Firsts n  
Worsts n  
Cosmic pride  
It disrupted the order of the universe  
How dare he do that  
Stupid man  
Now suffer

There is an error somewhere  
Daedalus did it - he had wax wings  
Suffering, tragic flight  
Oedipus did it - he had false pride  
Suffering, blindness  
Prometheus did it - he felt pity  
Pain, great pain  
Man did it - He peeked at perfection  
Now he can never accept less  
Lord of all things  
Flight  
Assume not God to be  
The realistic role of Man is love  
Before love - knowledge  
Before knowledge - scan study search!  
Scan And Find In Man God

## An Air

In the afternoon, the traffic time,  
The prosaic time, the ticking time.  
I hurried hazily through the air  
The air of little consciousness..

into my kitchen my brother came,  
Tired he came, alive with thoughts of his game,  
His golf game, a bad game, an early game,  
Played in the air of his life.

Little I gave to his presence,  
His profound presence, his physical presence.  
Little I saw of him there in my air  
The air of nebulous awareness.

Anxious was he —  
Hurried was I —  
Did we speak?  
Did we listen?  
Did we meet?  
Did we touch?

Off I ran in the traffic time  
Taken by nothing but something.  
In the quiet and peace of the engine's sound  
It occurred to me — fear over-awed.

If I never saw brother again in his life,  
If I never could return to the prosaic.  
Did we speak?  
Did we touch?  
Had I seen?  
Was the air of mental love?

Or did I rush and waste the time —  
The very breath of life  
And would I cry for the ticked-out day,  
The day I let get by.

by Angela A. Rapkin





## The Impending Storm

by Peter Cocuzza

The sky becomes overcast and the clouds begin to assume a grayish tint as the hush of an impending storm creates an aura of super-natural majesty which completely embellishes all perception. The prominence of an increasingly troublesome wind is made evident by the static sound of clapping leaves and the cymbal-like resonance of street signs hurling to and fro in a manner resembling that of a disjointed pendulum. Debris emanating from the deserted streets (which usually play host to throngs on their hurried and careless way from one point to another) is being swept aloft indiscriminantly, forming whirlpools of abandoned articles obeying the dictates of the ever-unheeding wisp of the wind. The glass doors and windows of the now isolated business district tremmer before the unbending gusts of wind now being heaved by the heavens. The staccato creaking of tree branches join in signaling cloudburst.

It matters not what street the man walks on, nor does it matter in what direction he is walking; for the reality of the impending storm is unalterable. Knowing this, the man (complaisant in his subordination to the heavens) walks in a slow repetitious fashion with his eyes afixed, in a zombie-like manner, on some specific and unseeable object which is dangling in mid-air before his eyes, suggesting that the natural laws of gravitation have no authority whatsoever over this by-product of the psyche. The man's mind now begins to embark on a journey through the twisted, overlapping mazes of synthetic thought. He wonders how it is that rain falls to the ground and not in some other direction. The man wonders how it is that he lives, but leaves that question behind and continues his introspective interrogation with another question which he feels much more pertinent; that is, what life actually is. Rain begins to fall, and the man runs to the shelter of a nearby storefront; only to find when he arrives that he is dead.

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## Shapes of Things

As the embodiment of our aesthetic philosophy, the title of the Essex County College literary magazine identifies the works within. The poems — shaped by images, meter, rhyme, and metaphor; the essays — shaped by prose styles, research, and structure; the art work — shaped by the hand and tools of the artist; and the photography — shaped by the eye of the photographer are the realizations of ideas and emotions which cry out to be formed, to be articulated, to be communicated. And so, the magazine includes the shapes of emotions tempered by intellect and created out of discipline. From these shapes, the reader might learn; for one may study the shapes of things in order that he might know them as they are; and one may study the shapes of things today in order to comprehend their evolution from the past and their development in the future. Indeed, one need but look to see the shape of Man.

